THE BEST OF BRITISH COMICS – IT'S

TERRIFIC

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GIANT-MAN "ON THE TRAIL OF THE HUMAN TOP!"

BACK AGAIN! MORE DANGEROUS, MORE ELUSIVE THAN EVER! HOW CAN THE HUMAN TOP BE BEATEN WHEN HE TOO CAN GROW AS BIG AS GIANT-MAN??

FEATURING THE WORLD'S NEW SWEETHEART-- THE WONDERFUL WASP!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1963

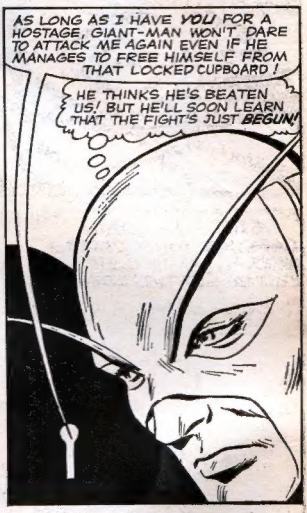
GIANT-MAN and the Wonderful WASP!

ON THE TRAIL OF THE HUMAN TOP

THE HUMAN TOP ***BREAKS OUT*** OF PRISON AND ***STEALS*** GIANT MAN'S ***CAPSULE BELT.*** NOW A ***GIANT SIZED*** TOP ATTACKS THE WASP WHILE A ***HELPLESS*** HENRY PYM STANDS ***LOCKED*** IN A CUPBOARD!

PART 2

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1963



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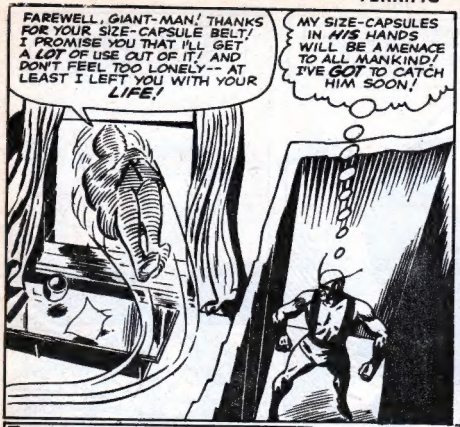
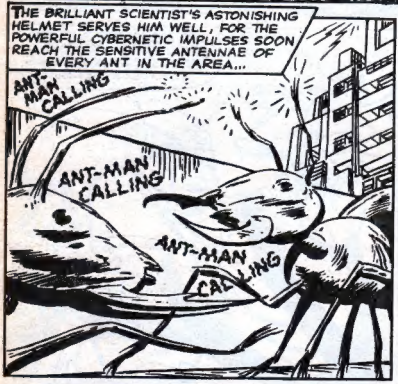
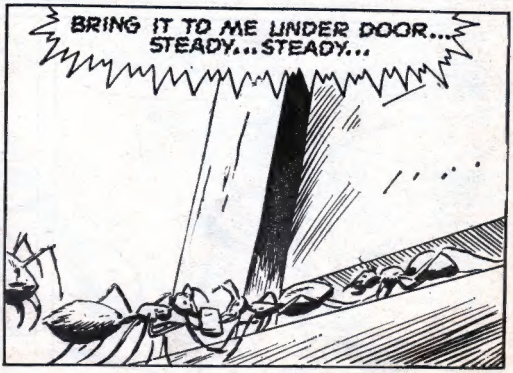

FAREWELL, GIANT-MAN! THANKS FOR YOUR SIZE-CAPSULE BELT! I PROMISE YOU THAT I'LL GET A LOT OF USE OUT OF IT! AND DON'T FEEL TOO LONELY-- AT LEAST I LEFT YOU WITH YOUR LIFE!
MY SIZE-CAPSULES IN HIS HANDS WILL BE A MENACE TO ALL MANKIND! I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM SOON!

HE THINKS I'M HELPLESS IN THIS EMPTY CLOSET! HE DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT MY CYBERNETIC HELMET, THROUGH WHICH I CONTACT MY LOYAL ANTS IN AN EMERGENCY, AS I'M NOW DOING BY CONCENTRATING MY THOUGHTS....!


THE BRILLIANT SCIENTIST'S ASTONISHING HELMET SERVES HIM WELL, FOR THE POWERFUL CYBERNETIC IMPULSES SOON REACH THE SENSITIVE ANTENNAE OF EVERY ANT IN THE AREA...
ANT-MAN CALLING
ANT-MAN CALLING
ANT-MAN CALLING

WITHIN MINUTES, A SILENTLY MOVING ARMY OF OBEDIENT ANTS CRAWLS OVER THE WINDOW-SILL INTO HENRY PYM'S LABORATORY...
THEY'RE COMING! NOW FOR MY NEXT COMMAND!

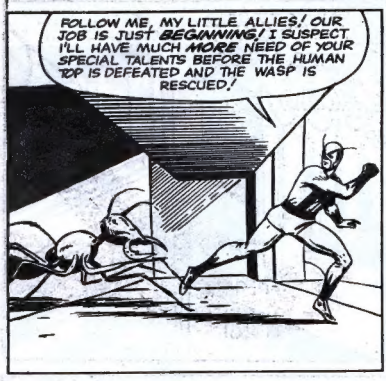
REACH MY SPARE CAPSULE BELT ON LAB SHELF... TAKE CAPSULE OUT OF CENTRE POCKET...


BRING IT TO ME UNDER DOOR... STEADY... STEADY...

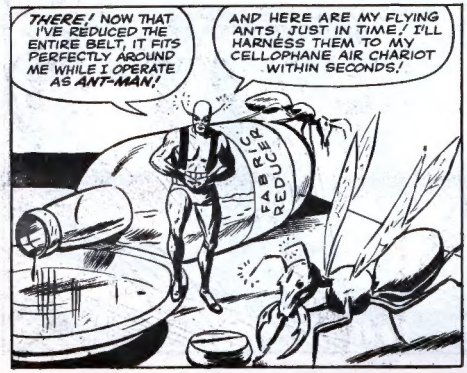
THEY DID IT! THEY BROUGHT ME A SHRINKING CAPSULE!!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON YOU, MY LOYAL LITTLE FRIENDS!!

AND NOW, SHRINKING DOWN TO ANT SIZE, I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE GETTING OUT OF HERE!


FOLLOW ME, MY LITTLE ALLIES! OUR JOB IS JUST BEGINNING! I SUSPECT I'LL HAVE MUCH MORE NEED OF YOUR SPECIAL TALENTS BEFORE THE HUMAN TOP IS DEFEATED AND THE WASP IS RESCUED!

NOW THAT I'M FREE AGAIN, I NEED TWO THINGS! FIRST, I'LL SUMMON MY FLYING ANTS!!
AND NEXT, I'VE GOT TO SPILL SOME FABRIC REDUCER ON MY SPARE CAPSULE BELT...


THERE! NOW THAT I'VE REDUCED THE ENTIRE BELT, IT FITS PERFECTLY AROUND ME WHILE I OPERATE AS ANT-MAN!
AND HERE ARE MY FLYING ANTS, JUST IN TIME! I'LL HARNESS THEM TO MY CELLOPHANE AIR CHARIOT WITHIN SECONDS!
FABRIC REDUCER

LET'S GO, MY SPEEDY LITTLE WINGED STEEDS! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!!

AT THAT MOMENT, NOT FAR AWAY, THE HUMAN TOP LUXURIATES IN HIS FEELING OF NEW-FOUND POWER!
WHAT A SENSE OF SUPERIORITY IT GIVES ME TO BE TWICE THE SIZE OF EVERYONE ELSE--TO BE A GIANT AMONG MERE HUMANS!!
MY SIZE AND SKILL NOW MAKE ME THE MOST FORMIDIBLE BEING OF ALL!

DO NOT FRET, MY TINY CAPTIVE! YOU WILL SOON FORGET GIANT-MAN! I'LL SEE TO THAT!

BUT, SO CONFIDENT IS THE HUMAN TOP, THAT HE DISREGARDS HIS OWN NATURAL CAUTION, NOT NOTICING THE TINY WINGED FORMS WHO BUZZ TO A LANDING AT HIS FEET! BUT THEN HE HEARS--FAINTLY--AS THOUGH FROM FAR AWAY--!!
I'VE FOUND YOU, TOP! THIS IS IT!

ANT-MAN!! YOU DARE CHALLENGE ME! I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF ACTION WITH ONE SIMPLE MOTION....!

I TIMED IT PERFECTLY! NOW TO SWALLOW MY QUICK-ACTING ENLARGING CAPSULE!!

STILL THINK YOU'LL FINISH ME SO EASILY?? THIS TIME YOU'RE FACING GIANT-MAN!!
B-BUT HOW--??!

WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU PERFORM YOUR HOPELESS LITTLE STUNTS! I'M STILL AS LARGE AS YOU--AND ONCE I START SPINNING, YOU'RE THROUGH!
NOT WHILE I HOLD ONTO YOUR WRISTS THIS WAY! YOU WON'T ESCAPE ME BY SPINNING THIS TIME!

OH NO?? HERE'S A SMALL SAMPLE--SEE HOW LONG YOU CAN KEEP YOUR GRIP!!
HE'S RIGHT! I CAN'T TAKE IT! GETTING DIZZY! CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!!

MY ONLY CHANCE--CONTACT WASP THROUGH HELMET--IT'S UP TO HER NOW!

WASP! NOW... WHILE HE CAN'T STOP YOU... FREE YOUR-SELF...
I HEAR YOU TALKING, BIG MAN!

I HEAR HIM CONTACTING THE TERMITES IN THE CELLAR NOW! WHAT CAN HIS PLAN BE??

CAN'T HOLD ON ANY LONGER--BUT I'LL TAKE A SHRINKING PILL BEFORE I LET GO! THERE!!
HAH! I KNEW I'D SHAKE YOU OFF!

YOU THINK SHRINKING DOWN TO NORMAL SIZE WILL HELP YOU?? BOY, HAVE YOU GOT A LOT TO LEARN!!

HE'S ABOUT TO SWING! DOESN'T REALIZE I STILL HAVE A HEAD FURTHER TO SHRINK! NOW, IF I FIGURED THIS RIGHT...

PERFECT!! HE MISSED ME AND HURT HIS HAND AGAINST THE BRICK WALL!!

YEOWWW!

I'VE GOT TO TAUNT HIM-- MANOEUVRE HIM JUST WHERE I WANT HIM!!

WHAT'S WRONG, TOP? DO I PLAY TOO ROUGH FOR YOU??

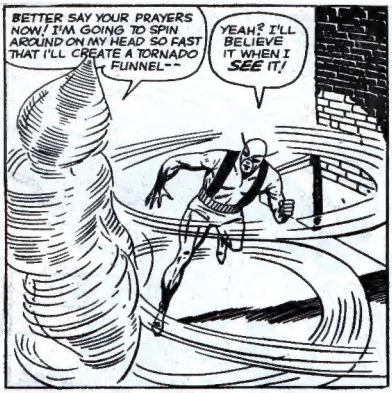
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO PLAYS TOO ROUGH!! YOU WON'T GET AWAY AGAIN!.

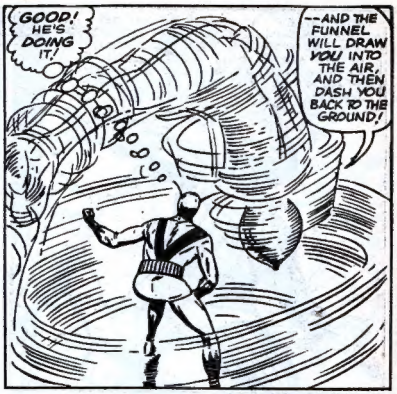
GOOD! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING! NOW TO MAKE HIM COME AFTER ME!

EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON THE WASP FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER! THIS NEEDS SPLIT-SECOND TIMING!

AND, NOT FAR AWAY...

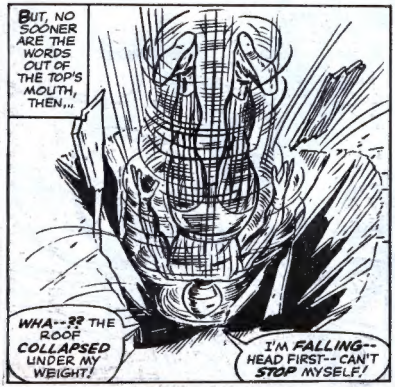
SO FAR, SO GOOD! I JUST HOPE HANK KNOWS JUST WHAT HE'S DOING!


BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERS NOW! I'M GOING TO SPIN AROUND ON MY HEAD SO FAST THAT I'LL CREATE A TORNADO FUNNEL--
YEAH? I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT!


GOOD! HE'S DOING IT!
--AND THE FUNNEL WILL DRAW YOU INTO THE AIR, AND THEN DASH YOU BACK TO THE GROUND!

WHEW!-- HE WASN'T JUST TALKING TALL!! THE AIR CURRENT IS GETTING STRONGER AND STRONGER!!! BUT-- IT'S TIME FOR MY PLAN TO WORK!

HAPPY LANDINGS, GIANT-MAN!! THIS TIME I'VE WON --FOR GOOD!


BUT, NO SOONER ARE THE WORDS OUT OF THE TOP'S MOUTH, THEN...
WHA--?? THE ROOF COLLAPSED UNDER MY WEIGHT!
I'M FALLING-- HEAD FIRST-- CAN'T STOP MYSELF!

I KNEW I COULD COUNT ON THE WASP! SHE SAW TO IT THAT THE TERMITES WEAKENED JUST THE RIGHT AREA OF THE DESERTED TENEMENT'S ROOF SO THAT IT WOULD CAVE IN UNDER THE TOP!
LUCKY THAT STOPPED THE "TORNADO" JUST IN TIME--BUT I'M STILL FALLING TOO FAR FOR COMFORT!

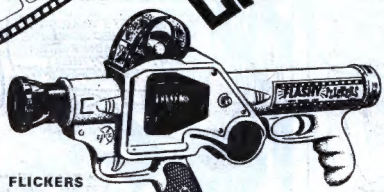
NEXT WEEK: NO PLACE TO HIDE! FEATURING THE DEADLY EL TORRO!!

want to be a

MOVIE PROJECTIONIST

CRANE DRIVER XXXX

DOUBLE AGENT



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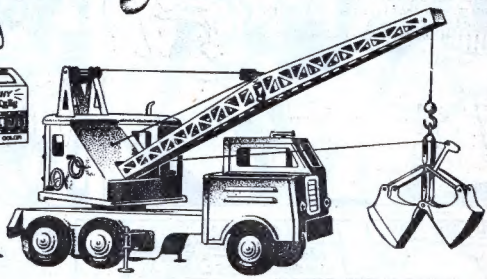

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TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
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Alf and Bart,
Hey! you up there in the garret, what's the big idea? (It's nothing to do with your power-packed comic—not really anyway.) A while ago I was sitting quietly in a subway (after all it's the only place I can read my power-packed comics in peace) reading ish No. 18, then after about an hour of suspense and headaches I finally finished and looked on the back for the pin-up. I was overjoyed to see my hero DAREDEVIL on the back. I then started reading my Fantastic-FANTASTIC. (Hope you don't mind the expression.) When I finished, I looked for the pin-up on the back, then (this is where you two come in) I saw it—DAREDEVIL *again!* I normally enjoy your comics but this is too much!
Stephanie Brown,
Doncaster,
Yorkshire.

Whoa! Hold your horses just a minute, Stephanie, that was no mistake. You asked for it! No kidding! ***We had dozens of letters from Daredevil doters addressed to Fantastic and Terrific asking for a pin-up! The only way to satisfy everyone was to put him on the back of*** both ***Fantastic and Terrific!***
Alf and Bart.

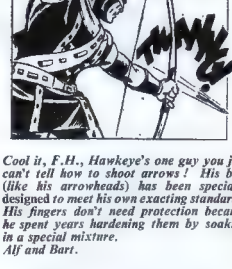
Dear Alf and Bart,
Here are some jokes I would like you to hear. ***Man rushing into ironmongers:*** Quick! Give me a mouse trap! ***Shop-keeper:*** One minute, sir! ***Man:*** Don't just stand there wasting time, I have to catch a bus! ***Shopkeeper:*** Oh, sorry sir, we haven't a trap that big!

Fred: Why do you go out with her? ***Percy:*** She's different from other girls. ***Fred:*** In what way? ***Percy:*** She'll go out with me!

Mary: Have you heard the joke about the roof? ***Jane:*** No, I haven't. ***Mary:*** I thought so, it's over your head!
Edward Roberts,
Caerns,
North Wales.

Say! You're some ***Power-packed joker, E.R.! Half the guys up here in the garret have collapsed at their desks in hysterics and Bart's been rushed off to hospital—he's split his sides laughing! So don't blame me if Terrific comes out late next week!***
Alf.

Dear Alf and Bart,
I really enjoy Terrific and look forward to reading it every week but since the addition of Hawkeye I cannot help but notice some faults. I am a member of the Paisley Archery Club so I should know what I am talking about. 1. In order to attain such stunning accuracy Hawkeye would need a very good tournament or hunting composite bow. He uses neither. 2. Judging by some of the distances Hawkeye's arrows go he is pulling a powerful, heavy bow. To pull back such a bow and hold while aiming Hawkeye would need a finger tab or some sort of protection to prevent the string hurting and damaging his fingers. He does not have any. P.S.—These faults may be quite serious but not serious enough to make me cancel my weekly order for Fantastic and Terrific.
Fred Hallsworth,
Gallow Hill,
Paisley,
Scotland.



Cool it, F.H., Hawkeye's one guy you just can't tell how to shoot arrows! His bow (like his arrowheads) has been specially designed ***to meet his own exacting standards. His fingers don't need protection because he spent years hardening them by soaking in a special mixture.***
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf, Bart and Co. Limited,
I have a terrible confession to make! I used to buy WHAM! But then (I'm sorry, but this has got to come out) I started reading a Brand X comic! Later, I saw a copy of TERRIFIC and placed an order for it immediately. That is the end of my case, m'lord, except for one thing (cough). Do you plead innocent or guilty? Guilty. Please don't send me to prison I couldn't stand it!
Jonathan Kerry,
Weybridge,
Surrey.
P.S.—Thanks for for listening to my case. At my age, I should know better. Must hurry, the police are at the door. P.P.S.—I won't let them take me away until I've packed my Power Comics, grub and dough

Don't worry, J.K., they've abolished hanging! But if you promise to continue following the straight and narrow, reading Powerful Terrific, we'll see what we can do about releasing you on probation!
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Terrific's the best comic in England. The Avengers top my popularity poll at the moment with Doc Strange closely following. Before I saw your comic I never knew who Doc Strange was! Now he's one of the best known men in the cosmos! I agree with most of the things in your comic but I have an idea to take the place of ***Odd Sports.*** You could teach judo or self-defence in one interesting lesson a week. We have enough to ***read*** on Monday morning so why not something to ***do,*** like sending your brother for a loop round the room! Yours Terrifically.
Geoffrey Toms,
Hemel Hempstead,
Herts.

Maybe your idea of having a things to do ***feature each week isn't a bad idea, G.T. But maybe the small brothers' union would unite with the big sisters' union and march on the garret if we gave lessons in judo.***
Alf and Bart.

Put an AVENGER T-SHIRT on your back—write NOW to this page!!

NEW STAMP COMPETITION

1. What was the first stamp issued? .....
2. What country overprints its stamps "SERVICE"?
3. Does ICELAND issue stamps?
4. What country has "HELVETIA" on its stamps?

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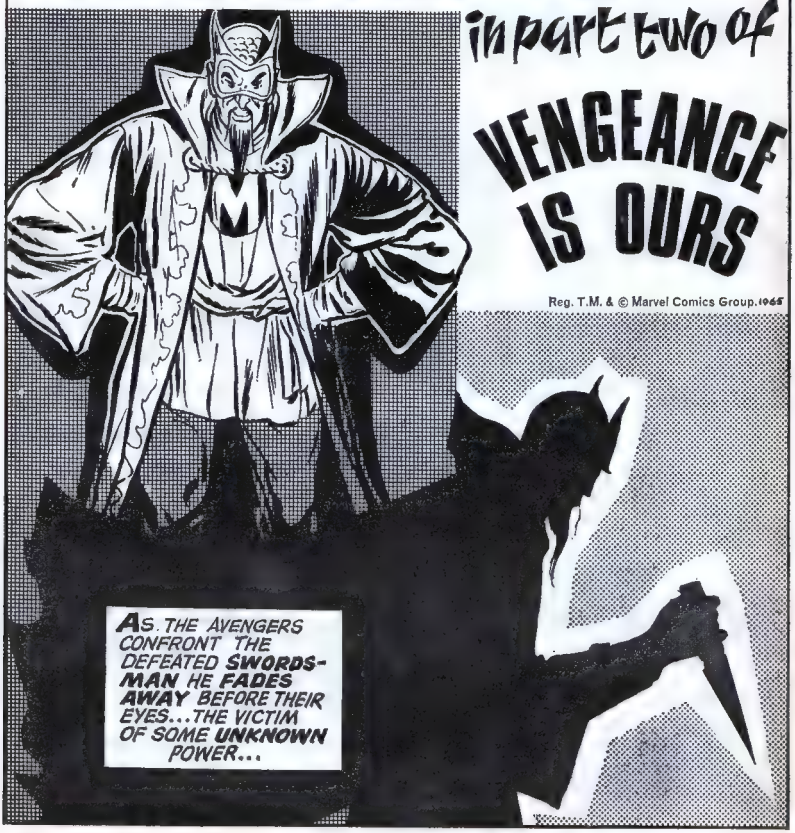
The MIGHTY AVENGERS!

MEET THE MENACE OF THE MANDARIN!"

in part two of

VENGEANCE IS OURS

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1065

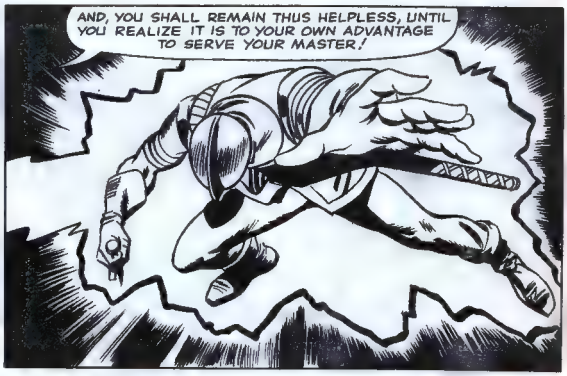


...ONLY TO RE-MATERIALIZE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN THE SECRET H.Q. OF THE MANDARIN...
PAY ATTENTION TO ME, SWORDSMAN. I THE MANDARIN, DESCENDANT OF GENGIS KHAN DESIRE TO DESTROY THE AVENGERS! AND I HAVE SELECTED YOU TO BE MY AGENT!
WHAT ARE THEY TO YOU?
AS A GROUP--NOTHING! BUT, MY MOST HATED ENEMY--IRON MAN--MAY ONE DAY RETURN TO THEM! AND, WHEN HE DOES--I WANT YOU THERE--AS A MEMBER OF THE AVENGERS--TO SMASH HIM FROM WITHIN!
THAT IS WHY I DISSIPATED MANY MONTH'S SUPPLY OF MY DELTA ENERGY SOURCE, TO TRANSPORT YOU HERE THROUGH MOLECULAR TRANSTECTION!
NOW, HAND ME YOUR SWORD! I SHALL MAKE CERTAIN IMPROVEMENTS UPON IT WHICH WILL MULTIPLY ITS PRESENT POWER A HUNDRED-FOLD!
FORGET IT, MANDARIN! YOU PICKED THE WRONG BOY THIS TIME!
THE SWORDSMAN ISN'T ANYONE'S AGENT--EVER!
WHAT! YOU THINK YOU HAVE A CHOICE?!!
NO ONE RESISTS THE WILL OF THE MANDARIN!
ONLY IRON MAN HAS EVER SUCCESSFULLY DEFIED ME!! AND, FOR THAT FATAL MISTAKE, I HAVE PLEDGED TO DESTROY HIM!
NOW, OBSERVE--!
AT THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH OF ONE OF MY MYSTIC RINGS, TWO ENERGY SPHERES RISE FROM BENEATH THE FLOORING!
REAL CLEVER, MAC--BUT PARLOUR TRICKS AREN'T MY CUP OF TEA!
DO YOU STILL CALL THIS A PARLOUR TRICK?
CAN'T HOLD MY SWORD!! SOMETHING'S PULLING IT FROM ME!!

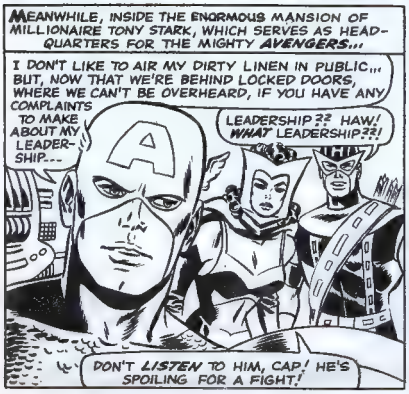
WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT, THE FIGHTING-MAD SWORDSMAN DRAWS A MENACING STILETTO FROM HIS TUNIC, AND CHARGES FORWARD...!

NO ONE TAKES MY SWORD FROM ME WITHOUT FIGHTING TO THE BITTER END FOR IT!

WITLESS OCCIDENTAL FOOL! DO YOU THINK TO IMPRESS THE MANDARIN WITH SUCH SAVAGE, UNTHINKING TACTICS??!

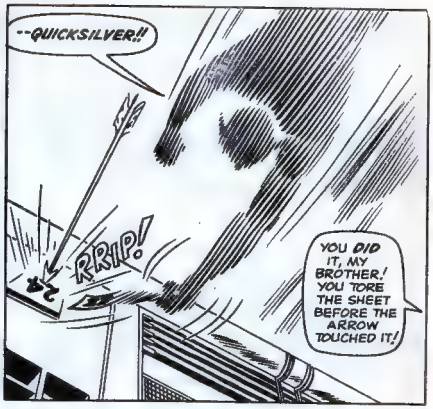


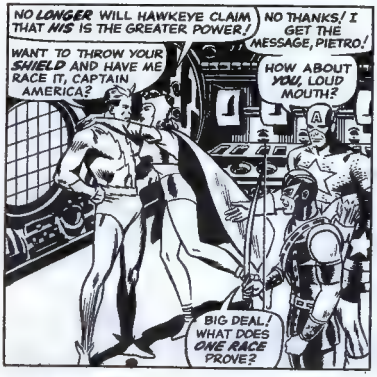
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE ENORMOUS MANSION OF MILLIONAIRE TONY STARK, WHICH SERVES AS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE MIGHTY AVENGERS...



A SPLIT-SECOND LATER, AT CAP'S COMMAND, BOTH THE ARROW AND THE HUMAN STREAK FOR THEIR TARGET IN A BLUR OF LIGHTNING-FAST MOTION...

--EXCEPT--


--QUICKSILVER!!
RRIP!
YOU DID IT, MY BROTHER! YOU TORE THE SHEET BEFORE THE ARROW TOUCHED IT!


NO LONGER WILL HAWKEYE CLAIM THAT HIS IS THE GREATER POWER!
NO THANKS! I GET THE MESSAGE, PIETRO!
WANT TO THROW YOUR SHIELD AND HAVE ME RACE IT, CAPTAIN AMERICA?
HOW ABOUT YOU, LOUD MOUTH?
BIG DEAL! WHAT DOES ONE RACE PROVE?

AND, AS AN UNEASY TRUCE SEEMS TO FALL UPON THE AVENGERS, THEIR VANISHED FOE ENGAGES IN SOME INTROSPECTIVE SOUL-SEARCHING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE...
THAT MANDARIN CHARACTER IS A LOT MORE FORMIDABLE THAN I THOUGHT!
PERHAPS THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE SWORDSMAN TO CHANGE HIS TUNE!

WHY SHOULD I WASTE MY TIME FIGHTING HIM, WHEN THE AVENGERS ARE THE REAL ENEMY?? IF HE CAN HUMBLE THEM--AS HE CLAIMS--WHY SHOULD I LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH?!
TIME ENOUGH FOR ME TO TACKLE HIM AGAIN LATER --AFTER HE'S SERVED HIS PURPOSE!

OKAY, FU MANCHU --LET'S TALK THINGS OVER!
AH, I SEE YOU HAVE COME TO YOUR SENSES! THAT IS GOOD!

I'M WILLING TO STRING ALONG WITH YOU--FOR A WHILE! BUT, I'M PUTTING NO TIME LIMIT ON IT! WHEN THE KICKS ARE GONE I CUT OUT! IS IT A DEAL?
YOUR SELF-IMPOSED TERMS DO NOT INTEREST ME! WE HAVE MORE URGENT MATTERS TO DISCUSS--SUCH AS YOUR SWORD!

I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND SOME OF THESE BUTTONS I HAVE ADDED QUITE INTERESTING! THEY SHALL MAKE YOU A WORTHY ALLY OF THE MANDARIN!
HERE--TAKE IT AND FAMILIARIZE YOURSELF WITH ITS NEW POWERS!

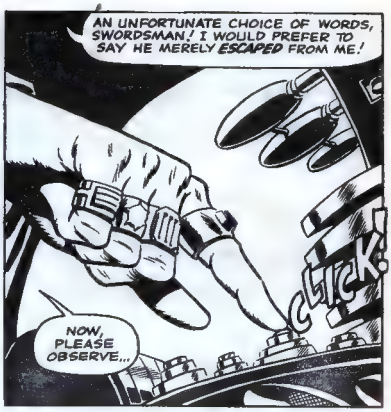
IT WORKS LIKE THOSE RINGS OF YOURS! NOW EACH BUTTON ACTIVATES A DIFFERENT BATTLE DEVICE!
AH SO! THE ONE YOU HAVE JUST PRESSED RELEASES BOLTS OF MAN-MADE LIGHTNING! AMUSING, IS IT NOT?

BUT, MARK THIS WELL, SWORDSMAN... SHOULD YOU EVER ATTEMPT TO USE YOUR BLADE AGAINST ME, YOU WILL..REGRET IT!
THE DEVICES WILL REVERSE THEMSELVES--AND IT IS YOU WHO WILL BE THEIR TARGET!

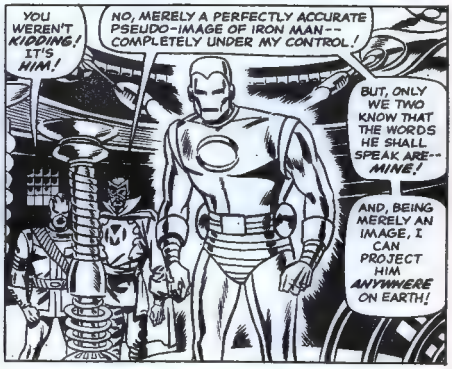
YOU THINK OF EVERYTHING, DON'T YOU?
INDEED! THE MANDARIN LEAVES NOTHING TO CHANCE!
BUT, ENOUGH TALK! YOU WILL COME WITH ME NOW!

IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO RETURN TO THE AVENGERS! AND, THIS TIME, YOU SHALL BE ACCEPTED AS A MEMBER OF THEIR UNSUSPECTING GROUP!
WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?
I WILL SHOW YOU--!

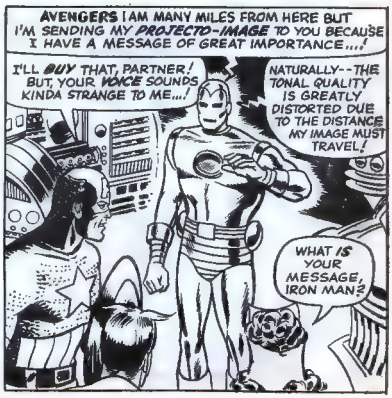
HERE, IN MY HIDDEN CASTLE, I HAVE SPENT YEARS DEVELOPING UNDREAMED-OF WONDERS OF SCIENCE!
AND, ONE OF MY GREATEST EFFORTS HAS BEEN THIS INFALLIBLE MATTER RECREATER!
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, MISTER--I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER HOW IRON MAN EVER MANAGED TO BEAT YOU IN THE PAST!

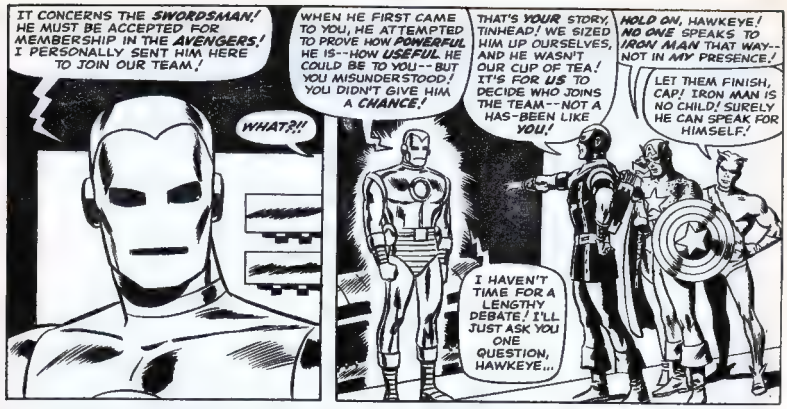

AN UNFORTUNATE CHOICE OF WORDS, SWORDSMAN! I WOULD PREFER TO SAY HE MERELY ESCAPED FROM ME!
CLICK!
NOW, PLEASE OBSERVE...

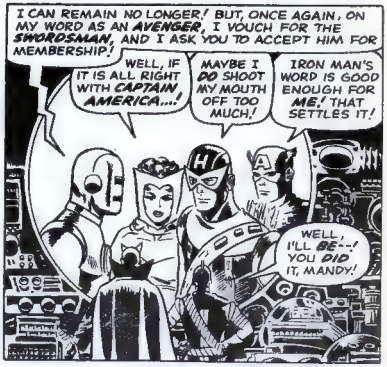
I HAVE DEVOTED MANY MONTHS TO STUDYING MY ARMOUR CLAD FOE! KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HIM NOW TO PERFECTLY RECREATE HIS LIFELIKE IMAGE--
AT!


YOU WEREN'T KIDDING! IT'S HIM!
NO, MERELY A PERFECTLY ACCURATE PSEUDO-IMAGE OF IRON MAN--COMPLETELY UNDER MY CONTROL!
BUT, ONLY WE TWO KNOW THAT THE WORDS HE SHALL SPEAK ARE--MINE!
AND, BEING MERELY AN IMAGE, I CAN PROJECT HIM ANYWHERE ON EARTH!

THUS, THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO RETURN TO THE AVENGERS ONCE MORE--AS OUR WONDROUS TALE APPROACHES ITS STARTLING CLIMAX...
LOOK! WE HAVE AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR!
GREETINGS AVENGER! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!
HOW DID HE COME IN? THE DOORS ARE ALL STILL LOCKED!


AVENGERS I AM MANY MILES FROM HERE BUT I'M SENDING MY PROJECTO-IMAGE TO YOU BECAUSE I HAVE A MESSAGE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE...!
I'LL BUY THAT, PARTNER! BUT, YOUR VOICE SOUNDS KINDA STRANGE TO ME...!
NATURALLY--THE TONAL QUALITY IS GREATLY DISTORTED DUE TO THE DISTANCE MY IMAGE MUST TRAVEL!
WHAT IS YOUR MESSAGE, IRON MAN?





SEE THE SWORDSMAN ARRIVE...NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

THROUGH THE MAIL we get a goodly number of stories and/or art for us to pass judgement on. It makes us PROUD (but not at all surprised) to see what *talent* there is among you Powerhousers. But there is a rub! Much as we liked to, we just *CAN'T* give the time to these contributions that they all too often deserve. If we did, there'd be hardly enough time to bring out the Power Papers each week! . . . and that IS number one priority, right?! All of which brings us to a personal message aimed directly at ONE of you Frantic Followers . . . to the reader who sent in to us a full picture-story BOOK! Drawn and written by himself, and titled MIDNIGHT MOONSHINE! We are very impressed but haven't been able to say so . . . because he (or could be 'she') either forgot to enclose a letter giving name and address, *or* the letter was detached and lost! So, wherever and whoever you are . . . THE BALL'S IN YOUR COURT!!

AND HERE'S A PARA penned for and on behalf of one of the garret gang—SUNNY STEVE MOORE! Who hasn't been so sunny of late! And for why? Well, the answer is to be seen on page 14 of this week's 'Fantastic.' You see we were looking for a good picture to show off the THOR T-SHIRTS we're giving away for each letter printed on Fantastic's mail page. So we did the oldie of making it appear as if a TINY, TINY Steve (without sweat shirt) was standing on the palm of fellow garreteer PAUL COHEN. The gag worked. The trick photo looked good. Everyone (including Steve) was delighted . . . until the letters started coming in addressed to 'Shrivelled Steve' and 'Midget Moore'! So if only to keep the peace we hereby wish to put the whole business straight. Really, Sunny Steve is a big BOY! Five feet ten inches tall and all of seven stone in his sockless feet. He's never ACTUALLY stood on Paul's palm, or anyone else's either! The only tiny thing about the lad is the time he gets away from the garret. In fact he's been GRIEVOUSLY MIS-REPRESENTED to you fans. So there it is. Now you know the truth! Now you have the real picture about Sunny Steve! Okay?! All right, Steve? PHEWWWWWW! Are we friends again?

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE

Stephen Hunt, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex. Christopher Fairbrass, East Grinstead, Sussex. Robert Clayton, Cheshunt, Herts. Anita Kalho, Hounslow, Middx. Jane Hogan, Tottenham, London, N.15. Eamonn Byrne, Manchester 13. Michael Douglas, Co. Down, N. Ireland. Mark Vickery, Cardiff, Wales. Maria Parbodee, London, S.W.8. Stephen Holmes, Auckland, New Zealand. Susan Chatterton, Sutton-in-Ashfield, Notts. Paul Hemms, Liverpool. Graham Smith, Stanmore, Middx. John Tress, Reading, Berks. Stuart Rogers, Kingston, Surrey. Jeffrey Glass, London, N.W.6. Nigel Gold, Kettering, Northants. F. Rilly, Birmingham, 6. Sheila Stuart, Hull, Yorkshire. John Garlick, Darwen, Lancs.

. . . . Which seems to take us logically to the very, very TALL story starting in 'Smash' this week. Seldom has a super-hero saga reached the very HEIGHTS of imagination as in 'DAREDEVIL VERSUS STILT MAN'! You'll see just what we mean . . . in 'Smash' this week. And in the field of HIGH DRAMA, we have the re-appearance of DOCTOR DOOM in 'WHAM' who once pitches his old enemies THE FANTASTIC FOUR into a welter of wayout Wham-style action! . . . again, this week! No doubt about it, some villains are almost as popular as our super-hero, and Doc Doom certainly qualifies for this status. Just when we were SURE he's been downed for keeps . . . it floods another wave of reader demand . . . and so back like the proverbial bad penny comes the deadly Doc! One can almost hear the F.F. saying . . . YOU JUST CAN'T KEEP A BAD MAN DOWN!

NOT JUST A SKATE...

PACEMAKER

REALLY SETS THE PACE!

Once you've put on your PACEMAKERS—you find out what roller skating really is! Zoom away and ahead of the rest with the finest, fastest skates in the world. PACEMAKER . . . really sets the pace!

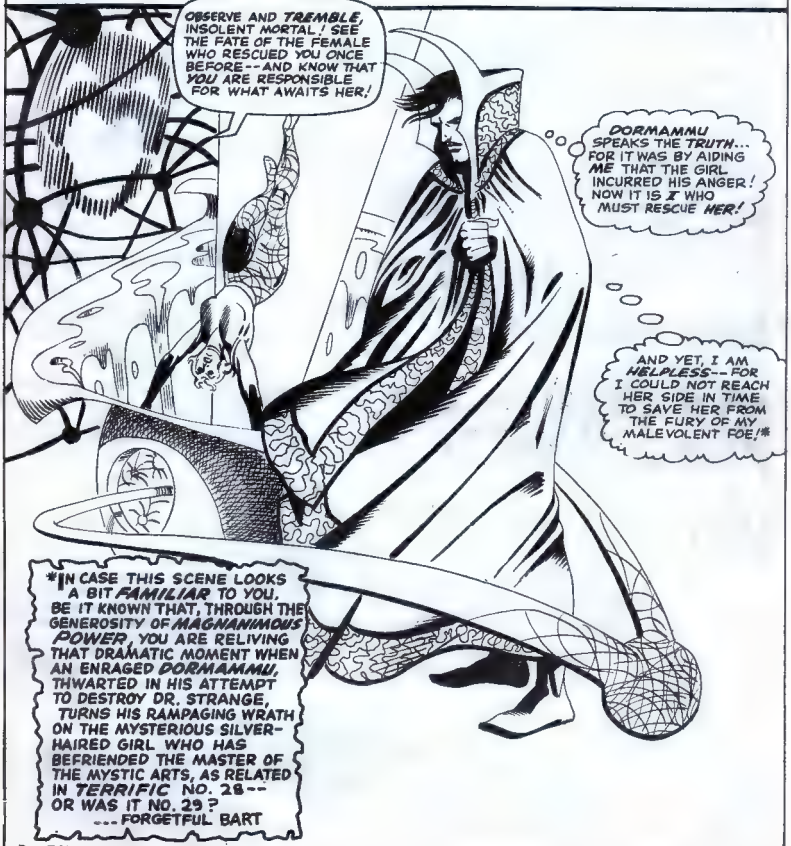
Do you know about **JUMPING JACKS?** Defy the laws of gravity with these spring skates that set you leaping and bounding with moonman ease!

DAVIES

SEE PACEMAKER SKATES AND JUMPING JACKS AT YOUR LOCAL STORE

Dr. STRANGE, MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

"WHERE MAN HATH NEVER TROD!"

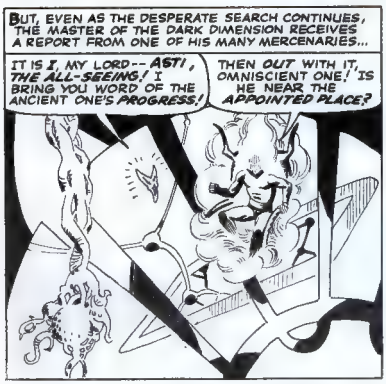


*IN CASE THIS SCENE LOOKS A BIT FAMILIAR TO YOU, BE IT KNOWN THAT, THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF MAGNANIMOUS POWER, YOU ARE RELIVING THAT DRAMATIC MOMENT WHEN AN ENRAGED DORMAMMU, THWARTED IN HIS ATTEMPT TO DESTROY DR. STRANGE, TURNS HIS RAMPAGING WRATH ON THE MYSTERIOUS SILVER-HAIRED GIRL WHO HAS BEFRIENDED THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, AS RELATED IN TERRIFIC NO. 28--OR WAS IT NO. 29? ---FORGETFUL BART

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1966

LIKE A MAN SPELLBOUND, DR. STRANGE BEHOLDS...
DORMAMMU--WAIT! YOUR QUARREL IS NOT WITH HER, BUT WITH ME!
TRUE, VICTORIOUS ONE! BUT, I HAVE GIVEN MY WORD NOT TO ATTACK YOU WHILE YOU STAY IN YOUR OWN CHERISHED DIMENSION...
...AND THUS, I SHALL STRIKE AT YOU IN THE ONLY WAY THAT FATE HAS LEFT TO ME---BY PUNISHING THIS GIRL --- MY SUBJECT WHO BETRAYED ME!

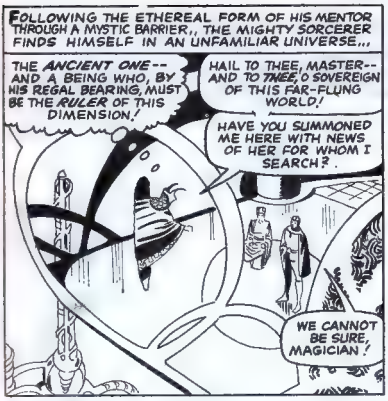
AND NOW, WHILE HIS DISCIPLE BATTLES ELSEWHERE FOR HIS VERY LIFE, WE SEE THE ECTOPLASMIC FORM OF THE VENERATED ANCIENT ONE DRIFTING THROUGH A DIMENSIONAL CORRIDOR...
I MUST LOCATE FOR DR. STRANGE THE GIRL WHOM DORMAMMU HURLED INTO UNKNOWN UNIVERSES!
ONLY THUS CAN I REPAY HIM FOR HIS UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO ME!


BUT, EVEN AS THE DESPERATE SEARCH CONTINUES, THE MASTER OF THE DARK DIMENSION RECEIVES A REPORT FROM ONE OF HIS MANY MERCENARIES...
IT IS I, MY LORD--ASTI, THE ALL-SEEING! I BRING YOU WORD OF THE ANCIENT ONE'S PROGRESS!
THEN OUT WITH IT, OMNISCIENT ONE! IS HE NEAR THE APPOINTED PLACE?

YES, GREAT DORMAMMU --AT THIS VERY MOMENT, HE APPROACHES THE OUTER REACHES OF COSMIC INFINITY!
HE IS IN POSITION--SHALL I NOW HASTEN THERE TO MAKE READY OUR TRAP FOR DR. STRANGE?

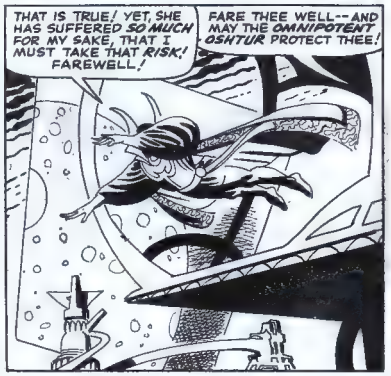
WHAT? YOU MINDLESS FLOATING MASK--NEED YOU ASK ME THAT? HURRY--ACT, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
FOR, IF YOU FAIL TO LURE MY ENEMY INTO AN ALIEN DIMENSION, WHERE I AM UNDER NO VOW TO SPARE HIM--YOU YOURSELF WILL SUFFER THE DOOM I PLAN FOR HIM!
NOW, GO!!
YES, DREADED ONE! AND REST ASSURED--I SHALL NOT FAIL!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS DR. STRANGE RETURNS FROM HIS RECENT TURBULENT CLASH WITH THE MINIONS OF BARON MORDO...
MASTER! HAVE YOU ANY WORD YET OF THE FEMALE I SEEK?
THAT I CANNOT TELL WITH CERTAINTY! YET, COME WITH ME, MY SON--FOR PERHAPS... BUT I CAN SAY NO MORE!


FOLLOWING THE ETHEREAL FORM OF HIS MENTOR THROUGH A MYSTIC BARRIER,, THE MIGHTY SORCERER FINDS HIMSELF IN AN UNFAMILIAR UNIVERSE...
THE ANCIENT ONE-- AND A BEING WHO, BY HIS REGAL BEARING, MUST BE THE RULER OF THIS DIMENSION!
HAIL TO THEE, MASTER-- AND TO THEE, O SOVEREIGN OF THIS FAR-FLUNG WORLD!
HAVE YOU SUMMONED ME HERE WITH NEWS OF HER FOR WHOM I SEARCH?.
WE CANNOT BE SURE, MAGICIAN!

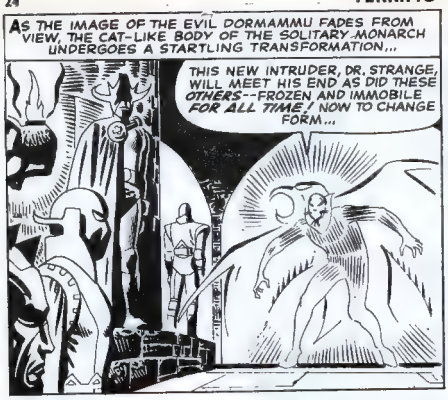
...AND YET, THE ANCIENT ONE HAS SENSED THE PRESENCE OF SOME POWERFUL MAGIC SPELL ON THE OUTER EDGE OF INFINITY-- A SPELL THAT COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN CAST BY THE DREAD DORMAMMU HIMSELF!
BUT I MUST CAUTION YOU AGAINST JOURNEYING THERE! NO ONE HAS EVER DONE SO--AND SURVIVED TO TELL OF IT!

YOUR WELL-MEANT WARNING IS OF NO AVAIL FOR ME, O KING! FOR, I OWE MY VERY LIFE TO DORMAMMU'S PRISONER! IT IS A DEBT I MUST PAY--NO MATTER WHAT THE PRICE!
BEWARE, MY SON! FOR, WE DO NOT KNOW IF THIS IS TRULY THE DIMENSION WHEREIN HE EXILED THE GIRL! IT MAY BE A TRAP!


THAT IS TRUE! YET, SHE HAS SUFFERED SO MUCH FOR MY SAKE, THAT I MUST TAKE THAT RISK! FAREWELL!
FARE THEE WELL--AND MAY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR PROTECT THEE!

MEANWHILE, IN THE WEIRD DOMAIN WHICH EXISTS IN THE TWILIGHT AREA ON THE EDGES OF INFINITY, THE SOLE INHABITANT OF THAT FEARSOME REALM RECEIVES AN OMINOUS MESSAGE...
SO BE ON GUARD, O TAZZA! THE ONE CALLED DR. STRANGE COMES INDEED TO DESTROY YOU!
MY THANKS FOR YOUR WARNING, MIGHTY DORMAMMU!
THE MIGHTY TAZZA DOES NOT KNOW THAT IT WAS ACTUALLY ASTI, CARRYING MY MAGICAL SPELL, WHO HAS LURED MY FOE INTO THIS COSMOS!

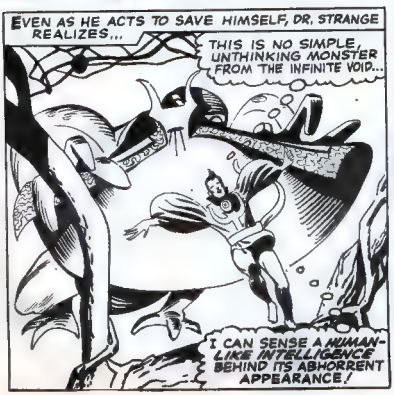
BUT, KNOW THAT HE, LIKE ALL OTHERS WHO HAVE DARED TO ENTER THE LONELY KINGDOM OF TAZZA, WILL FIND 'TIS FAR EASIER TO ENTER THAN TO LEAVE--ALIVE!
IT SHALL BE AS YOU HAVE SAID!


AS THE IMAGE OF THE EVIL DORMAMMU FADES FROM VIEW, THE CAT-LIKE BODY OF THE SOLITARY MONARCH UNDERGOES A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION...
THIS NEW INTRUDER, DR. STRANGE, WILL MEET HIS END AS DID THESE OTHERS--FROZEN AND IMMOBILE FOR ALL TIME! NOW TO CHANGE FORM...

AND, IN THE SINISTER SHAPE OF A MYSTIC FLYING SCAVENGER, I SHALL GO TO TEST THE INTERLOPER'S POWERS--TO SEE IF HE BE WORTHY TO STAND FOREVER IN MY HALL OF HEROES!

WITHIN MOMENTS, THE MAGIC OF TAZZA LOCATES HIS EARNESTLY SEARCHING QUARRY...
I AM NEAR SOME EVIL AND POWERFUL BEING--I CAN FEEL IT!
THERE HE IS! NOW, IT IS TIME TO ABANDON THIS GUISE IN FAVOUR OF ONE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE--THAT OF THE DEADLY SAMANDRA!

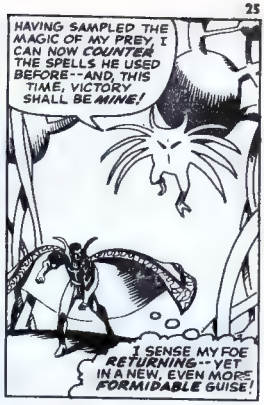
AND, THE NEXT SECOND, ONLY LIGHTNING-FAST REFLEXES SAVE THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS FROM INSTANTANEOUS DOOM...
BY THE VIPERS OF VALTORR! WHAT MANNER OF CREATURE IS THIS WHICH ATTACKS ME?


EVEN AS HE ACTS TO SAVE HIMSELF, DR. STRANGE REALIZES...
THIS IS NO SIMPLE, UNTHINKING MONSTER FROM THE INFINITE VOID...
I CAN SENSE A HUMAN-LIKE INTELLIGENCE BEHIND ITS ABHORRENT APPEARANCE!

...THEREFORE, IT MUST BE MY MAGIC SPELLS WHICH WILL DEFEND ME--AS I BLOCK THE BEAST'S ADVANCES WITH MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION!

A HEARTBEAT LATER...
THE CREATURE FLEES--MUCH TOO READILY! BUT--FOR WHAT REASON?
THIS DISGUISE HAS FULFILLED ITS PURPOSE! I HAVE MEASURED THE EXTENT OF HIS POWER...

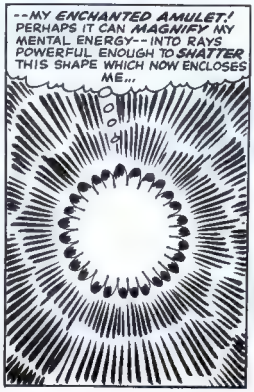
AND SO, IT IS TIME NOW FOR MY FINAL AND MOST FEARFUL TRANSFORMATION--INTO THE MOST DEADLY OF ALL MY VARIED FORMS...!


HAVING SAMPLED THE MAGIC OF MY PREY, I CAN NOW COUNTER THE SPELLS HE USED BEFORE--AND, THIS TIME, VICTORY SHALL BE MINE!
I SENSE MY FOE RETURNING--YET IN A NEW, EVEN MORE FORMIDABLE GUISE!

INSTINCTIVELY, DR. STRANGE EMPLOYS A MYSTIC SPELL SIMILAR TO THE PREVIOUS ONE, ONLY TO FIND...
IT HAS--NO EFFECT! THE MANY-ARMED MONSTER IS IS NOW IMMUNE TO MY MAGIC BOLTS!

NO TIME FOR ANY OTHER MANOEUVRE! ITS TENTACLES ARE ENCIRCLING ME--
--AND I AM HELPLESS TO PREVENT THEM!

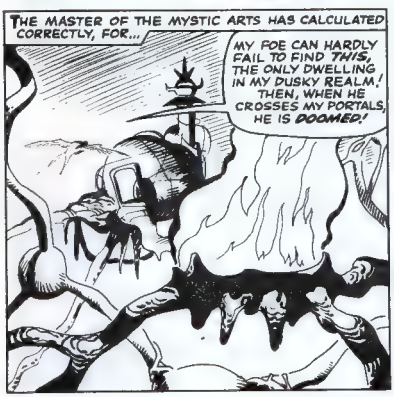
SLOWLY... RELENTLESSLY... IRRESISTIBLY... THE FORM OF THE AMOEBOID ATTACKER ENFOLDS THE HOPELESSLY STRUGGLING FORM OF THE MASTER MAGICIAN...
THE BEAST IS COMPLETELY ENCASING ME WITH ITS OWN BODY--AS IF TO ABSORB ME INTO ITS OWN BEING!
--ONLY ONE LAST, DESPERATE CHANCE TO SAVE MYSELF--!


--MY ENCHANTED AMULET! PERHAPS IT CAN MAGNIFY MY MENTAL ENERGY--INTO RAYS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SHATTER THIS SHAPE WHICH NOW ENCLOSES ME...

BUT, EVEN AS THE POTENT CHARM BEGINS TO THROB WITH A SILENT, PULSATING GLOW, THE ENTRAPPED SORCERER VANISHES FROM MORTAL SIGHT, UTTERLY ENVELOPED BY HIS ASTOUNDING ATTACKER...
IS IT TOO LATE FOR EVEN THE MIRACULOUS AMULET TO SAVE ITS CAPTIVE WEARER?

THEN, IN A BURST OF BLINDING LIGHT AND EXPLODING ENERGY--DR. STRANGE IS FREE!
THE ETERNAL VISHANTI DO EVER PROTECT ME! NOW TO FIND OUT WITH WHAT MANNER OF BEING I AM CONFRONTED--AND WHY!

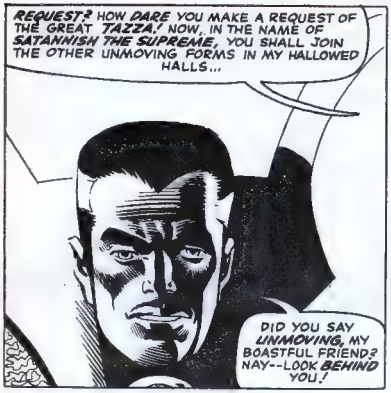
HOWEVER...
MY ASSAILANT CHANGES FORM ONCE MORE--AND FLEES! BUT, THIS TIME, HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME SO EASILY!
YET, HE FLIES SO SLOWLY, SO HALTINGLY--ALMOST AS IF HE WISHES ME TO FOLLOW HIM!


THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS HAS CALCULATED CORRECTLY, FOR...
MY FOE CAN HARDLY FAIL TO FIND TAVIS, THE ONLY DWELLING IN MY DUSKY REALM! THEN, WHEN HE CROSSES MY PORTALS, HE IS DOOMED!

AND, INDEED, IT IS ONLY A FEW EARTHLY MINUTES LATER THAT DR. STRANGE DRAWS NEAR THE EERIE, OMINOUS STRUCTURE...
ONCE I ENTER, I MUST BE DOUBLY ON MY GUARD! FOR, I NEED NO CRYSTAL BALL TO WARN ME OF AN IMPENDING TRAP!
BUT, I MUST GO ON--TO LEARN IF MY OPPONENT KNOWS WHERE THE DREAD DORMAMMU HAS EXILED HIS HAPLESS VICTIM!

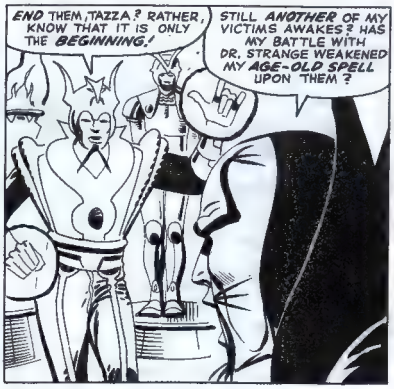
INSIDE THE SEPULCHRAL PALACE, THE MIGHTY SORCERER FINDS HIS ATTACKER AWAITING HIM, BRAZENLY...
SO--AT LAST YOU REVEAL YOUR TRUE FORM! I COME IN PEACE--SEEKING NAUGHT BUT INFORMATION...
YOU LIE--FOR DORMAMMU HIMSELF HAS TOLD ME OF YOUR INTENTIONS TO DESTROY ME! BUT, BE WARNED THAT I AM INVINCIBLE!

BE WARNED, ALSO, THAT MANY HAVE WANDERED, INTENTIONALLY OR BY MISTAKE, INTO THE TWILIGHT KINGDOM OF TAZZIA, THEY STAND HERE, ALL ABOUT YOU--
--AND NONE HAS EVER RETURNED FROM WHENCE HE CAME! HERE THEY STAY, ALIVE BUT TRANSFIXED, FOR ALL ETERNITY!
THEN--YOU DO REFUSE MY SIMPLE REQUEST?


REQUEST? HOW DARE YOU MAKE A REQUEST OF THE GREAT TAZZA! NOW, IN THE NAME OF SATANNISH THE SUPREME, YOU SHALL JOIN THE OTHER UNMOVING FORMS IN MY HALLOWED HALLS...
DID YOU SAY UNMOVING, MY BOASTFUL FRIEND? NAY--LOOK BEHIND YOU!

AND, AS THE RULER OF THE OUTER EDGES OF INFINITY GLANCES BACKWARD, HE SEES...
NOW, EVIL ONE--PREPARE FOR THY FATE!
WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE--! ONE OF THE DEFEATED HEROES--HE BREATHES--ATTACKS ME!!

SILENTLY, MENACINGLY, THE REVITALIZED CAPTIVE ADVANCES TOWARD HIS OPPRESSOR! THEN...
NO! IT CANNOT BE! I VANQUISHED YOU ONCE--AND, BY THE SHADOWY DEMONS, I SHALL DO IT AGAIN!
UHNNN--!
BEHOLD, DR. STRANGE, HOW EASILY I END SUCH THREATS TO MY MASTERY!


END THEM, TAZZA? RATHER, KNOW THAT IT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!
STILL ANOTHER OF MY VICTIMS AWAKES? HAS MY BATTLE WITH DR. STRANGE WEAKENED MY AGE-OLD SPELL UPON THEM?

BUT, I NEED NOT FEAR! THIS MAGICAL GESTURE HAS POWERS WHICH WILL SHIELD ME FROM ANY SUCH RASH ATTACKS!
UNNNH--!
THAT WORTHLESS MOTION WILL NOT SAVE YOU FROM MY WRATH, LORD TAZZA!

I, WHOM YOU BESTED ONCE, NOW RISE AGAINST YOU A SECOND TIME--AND, THIS DAY, I SHALL BE THE VICTOR!
YET ONE MORE? MUST I RECONQUER YOU ALL? THEN--SO BE IT!

AT THE VERY MICRO-SECOND THAT THE ENRAGED TAZZA'S MYSTIC SPELL STRIKES THE THREATENING FIGURE, AN INVISIBLE SHAPE ABANDONS THE BODY...
MY ENEMY DOES NOT REALIZE THAT IT IS I, IN MY ECTOPLASMIC SELF, WHO OPPOSE HIM... ALONE!

HIS ENCHANTED BOLTS CANNOT TRULY HARM THE UNFEELING BODIES OF HIS UNWILLING "GUESTS", SINCE THEY ARE ALREADY UNDER HIS SPELL!
AND, IN THIS WAY, I WAS ABLE TO FORCE HIM TO EXPEND SOME OF HIS MAGICAL ENERGY ON USELESS TARGETS!
SO THINKING, DR. STRANGE'S SPIRIT REENTERS ITS PHYSICAL DWELLING-PLACE...

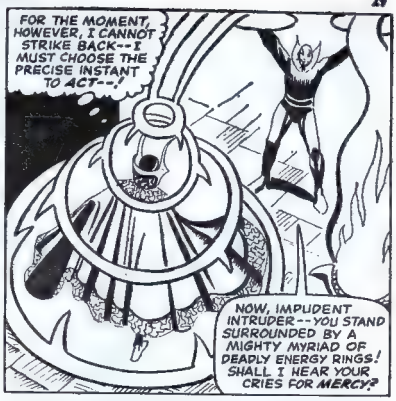
...AND, THE NEXT INSTANT, A CHALLENGE IS ISSUED!
NOW THAT I HAVE TESTED THE EXTENT OF YOUR POWERS ALSO, MILORD TAZZA, THE TIME HAS COME FOR THE DECIDING BATTLE!
-EH?- THEN, IT WAS YOU WHO SOMEHOW RESTORED MOVEMENT TO MY CAPTIVES! I WAS A FOOL NOT TO SENSE IT--!

BUT, NO MATTER! I STILL POSSESS MORE THAN ENOUGH POWER TO DEFEAT YOU!
YOU OVERESTIMATE YOURSELF, MY RASH FRIEND! SEE HOW EASILY MY MYSTIC SHIELD WARDS OFF YOUR MIGHTIEST BLOWS!

IN TRUTH, I DO NOT KNOW WHICH OF US POSSESSES THE GREATER POTENCY OF MAGIC--YET, I MUST GOAD MY FOE INTO ATTACKING RECKLESSLY!
BUT FIRST, I MUST LAUNCH AN OFFENSIVE OF MY OWN!

NOW LEARN A FURTHER LESSON, MY DEMONIAC HOST--AS I HURL YOUR OWN ENCHANTED SPELL BACK UPON YOU!

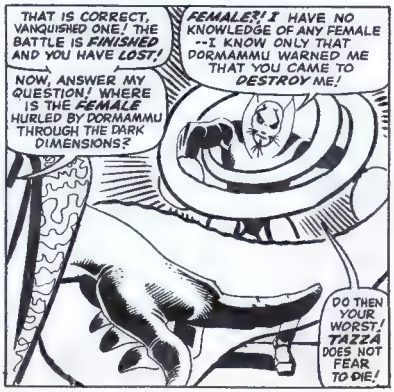
YOU POSSESS GREAT SKILL, MORTAL...
YET, IT WILL TAKE MORE THAN A SINGLE SURGE OF POWER TO VANQUISH TAZZA!
MAY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH DEFEND ME! HE ATTACKS MORE SKILLFULLY THAN EVEN I HAD IMAGINED!

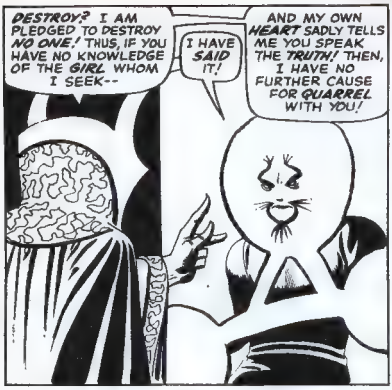

FOR THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, I CANNOT STRIKE BACK--I MUST CHOOSE THE PRECISE INSTANT TO ACT--!
NOW, IMPUDENT INTRUDER--YOU STAND SURROUNDED BY A MIGHTY MYRIAD OF DEADLY ENERGY RINGS! SHALL I HEAR YOUR CRIES FOR MERCY?

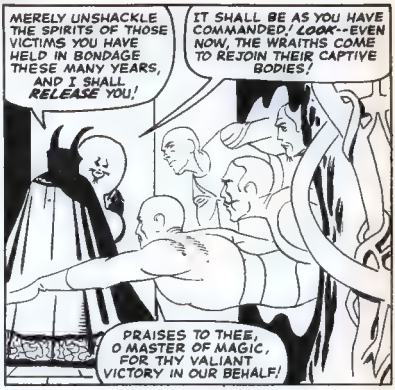
NONE WHO LIVE SHALL EVER HEAR DR. STRANGE CRY FOR MERCY, BOASTFUL ONE!
SEE HOW, WITH A SINGLE MYSTIC GESTURE, I LAY WASTE YOUR ENCIRCLING BANDS!

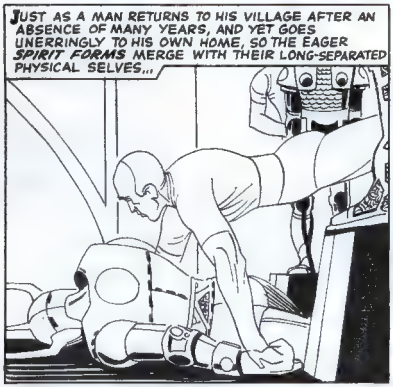
HE IS SHOCKED--STUNNED THAT MY MAGIC COULD HAVE OVERCOME HIS SPELL! THIS MUST BE THE MOMENT OF THE ULTIMATE GAMBIT!
SURRENDER, LORD TAZZA, AND I MAY ALLOW YOU TO RETAIN POSSESSION OF YOUR SHADOWY DOMAIN!
WHAT? 'TIS NOT YOURS TO GIVE, AS I SHALL SOON DEMONSTRATE--!

MY PLAN SUCCEEDED! IN HIS EAGERNESS TO ATTACK, HE NEGLECTED HIS OWN DEFENCES--AND I HAVE BREACHED THEM!
-UHNNN--!!- I AM DEFEATED BY MY OWN CARELESSNESS!

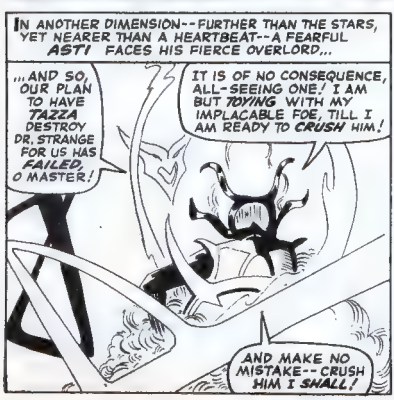

THAT IS CORRECT, VANQUISHED ONE! THE BATTLE IS FINISHED AND YOU HAVE LOST!
NOW, ANSWER MY QUESTION! WHERE IS THE FEMALE HURLED BY DORMAMMU THROUGH THE DARK DIMENSIONS?
FEMALE?! I HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF ANY FEMALE --I KNOW ONLY THAT DORMAMMU WARNED ME THAT YOU CAME TO DESTROY ME!
DO THEN YOUR WORST! TAZZA DOES NOT FEAR TO DIE!

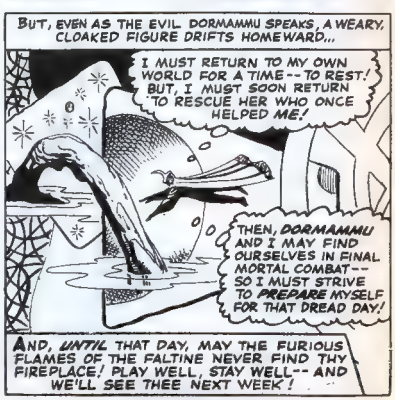

DESTROY? I AM PLEDGED TO DESTROY NO ONE! THUS, IF YOU HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE GIRL WHOM I SEEK--
I HAVE SAID IT!
AND MY OWN HEART SADLY TELLS ME YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH! THEN, I HAVE NO FURTHER CAUSE FOR QUARREL WITH YOU!


MERELY UNSHACKLE THE SPIRITS OF THOSE VICTIMS YOU HAVE HELD IN BONDAGE THESE MANY YEARS, AND I SHALL RELEASE YOU!
IT SHALL BE AS YOU HAVE COMMANDED! LOOK--EVEN NOW, THE WRAITHS COME TO REJOIN THEIR CAPTIVE BODIES!
PRAISES TO THEE, O MASTER OF MAGIC, FOR THY VALIANT VICTORY IN OUR BEHALF!

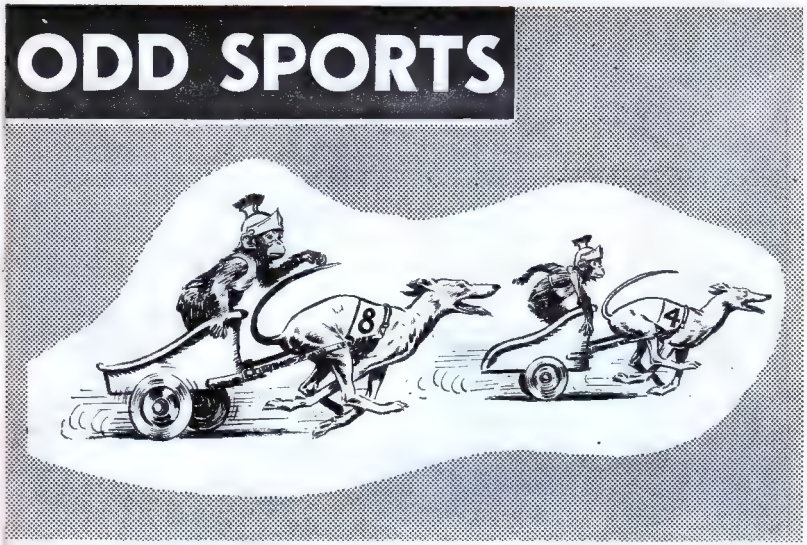

JUST AS A MAN RETURNS TO HIS VILLAGE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF MANY YEARS, AND YET GOES UNERRINGLY TO HIS OWN HOME, SO THE EAGER SPIRIT FORMS MERGE WITH THEIR LONG-SEPARATED PHYSICAL SELVES...

ALL OF YOU ARE FREE TO GO NOW! AND, IF THE BRASH TAZZIA EVER CHOOSES TO BE SO INHOSPITABLE TO STRANGERS IN THE FUTURE, WE TWO SHALL CLASH AGAIN!
MAY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR GUIDE THEE ALWAYS, DR. STRANGE! AND GRANT THAT WE MAY SOME DAY REPAY THEE FOR FREEING US!


IN ANOTHER DIMENSION--FURTHER THAN THE STARS, YET NEARER THAN A HEARTBEAT--A FEARFUL ASTI FACES HIS FIERCE OVERLORD...
...AND SO, OUR PLAN TO HAVE TAZZIA DESTROY DR. STRANGE FOR US HAS FAILED, O MASTER!
IT IS OF NO CONSEQUENCE, ALL-SEEING ONE! I AM BUT TOYING WITH MY IMPLACABLE FOE, TILL I AM READY TO CRUSH HIM!
AND MAKE NO MISTAKE--CRUSH HIM I SHALL!


BUT, EVEN AS THE EVIL DORMAMMU SPEAKS, A WEARY, CLOAKED FIGURE DRIFTS HOMEWARD...
I MUST RETURN TO MY OWN WORLD FOR A TIME--TO REST! BUT, I MUST SOON RETURN TO RESCUE HER WHO ONCE HELPED ME!
THEN, DORMAMMU AND I MAY FIND OURSELVES IN FINAL MORTAL COMBAT--SO I MUST STRIVE TO PREPARE MYSELF FOR THAT DREAD DAY!
AND, UNTIL THAT DAY, MAY THE FURIOUS FLAMES OF THE FALTINE NEVER FIND THY FIREPLACE! PLAY WELL, STAY WELL--AND WE'LL SEE THEE NEXT WEEK!

ODD SPORTS



HOP-SCOTCH DERBY

Nora Ryan won the hop-scotch Derby organised by her school in Ireland.

The race was held on the flat, asphalt surface of the school playground and was open to both boys and girls. Each competitor was numbered and a corresponding number was painted on his or her hop-scotch—a circular piece of wood about three inches in diameter.

The course was about 250 yards long and 100 yards wide and competitors had to complete the course out and back three times. The starting point was also the finishing post.

Some 30 competitors lined up for the start each with his or her hop-scotch in front. At the "off" each had to balance on the right leg and kick the hop-scotch forward with the toe of the right foot. They then had to hop after the hop-scotch kicking it forward as they went along.

Anyone losing balance or putting the left foot on the ground was disqualified. There was a similar penalty for kicking someone else's hop-scotch.

Nora crossed the finishing line to become champion in the record time of 68 minutes. Only five other competitors finished the course.

CHIMP CHARIOTEERS

Some years ago an optimistic promoter of greyhound racing in America decided to try to add an extra thrill to the track.

Instead of having the dogs race on their own after the electric hare, he harnessed them securely to pneumatic-tyred chariots. And just to make things more realistic each chariot had a chimpanzee driver. The chimps were even dressed as Romans with helmets and breastplates.

It took several weeks to train thegrey hounds to run properly in harness, and even longer to persuade the drivers to stay in the chariots.

At last training was completed and the chariots lined up for the start. Then the electric hare was set in motion and the greyhounds set off in pursuit.

All went well for a hundred yards or so until one of the chariots which was in the lead overturned and the chimp driver was thrown out. This frightened the poor greyhound harnessed to it and it dragged the overturned chariot directly across the rest of the field.

The result was a glorious pile up of smashed chariots, snarling greyhounds and screaming chimps. To add to the general confusion, several of the chimps started fighting and throwing their helmets about.

It took about an hour for thirty men or so to restore some sort of order and remove bitten, bruised and yelping chimps and greyhounds from the stricken field. To make matters worse for the promoter, many of the spectators demanded their money back!

Push-A-Bike Derby

Tired and with blistered hands and feet, Yoshu Sen pushed his pedal cycle across the finishing line in a town in Japan to win a prize of 500 yen. Yoshu Sen's feet were blistered because he had pushed his bike for 15 miles with a passenger sitting on the cross-bar.

About 30 pairs entered for the contest. According to the rules one man sat on the cross-bar and the other pushed. Half the competitors failed to finish the course, which included a number of hills.

One team, twin brothers, were disqualified because they were caught changing places during the first five miles. Another team were "sent off" when the stewards noticed that the passenger was secretly pedalling as the bike went uphill.

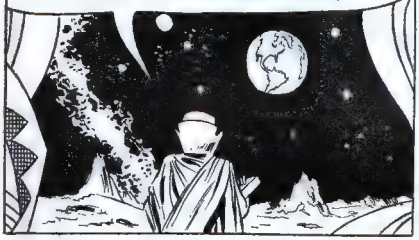
Yoshu completed the course in five hours. The runner-up passed the finishing post 35 minutes later.

Tales of THE WATCHER

"THE SUN-STEALER!"

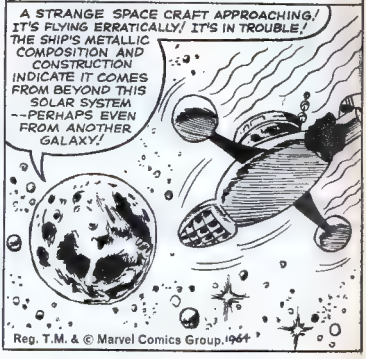
BECAUSE HE IS SWORN NEVER TO INTERFERE IN THE LIVES OF OTHERS, THE WATCHER, MOST POWERFUL BEING IN THE GALAXY, IS ALSO THE MOST HELPLESS! EVEN NOW, IN HIS DOMICILE ON THE BLEAK, AIRLESS MOON, HE DOES NO MORE THAN OBSERVE AND RECORD...

WITH MY ULTRA-SPECTRO VISION, I VIEW COUNTLESS COSMIC CREATURES FROM THIS VANTAGE POINT! MY FAVOURITES ARE THE EARTHLINGS, FOR THOUGH THEY HAVE MANY FAULTS, I ADMIRE THEIR CAPACITY TO LOVE AND THEIR CEASELESS STRUGGLE TO ACHIEVE WORLD PEACE!



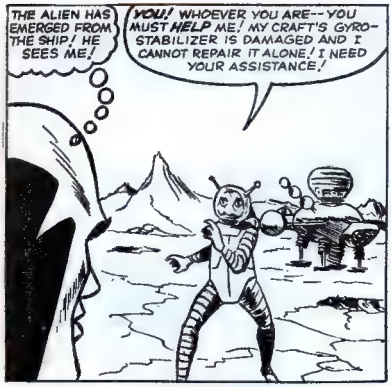
BUT, THE WATCHER'S REVERIE IS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED...

A STRANGE SPACE CRAFT APPROACHING! IT'S FLYING ERRATICALLY! IT'S IN TROUBLE! THE SHIP'S METALLIC COMPOSITION AND CONSTRUCTION INDICATE IT COMES FROM BEYOND THIS SOLAR SYSTEM --PERHAPS EVEN FROM ANOTHER GALAXY!



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group.1964

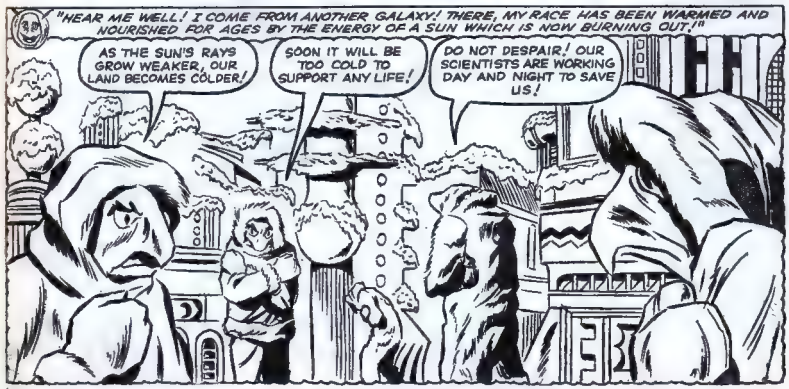
THE SHIP IS LANDING! THIS SATELLITE IS MY TEMPORARY DOMAIN AND I DISLIKE INTRUSIONS! BUT I AM FORBIDDEN TO ACT! I CAN ONLY WAIT... AND WATCH...

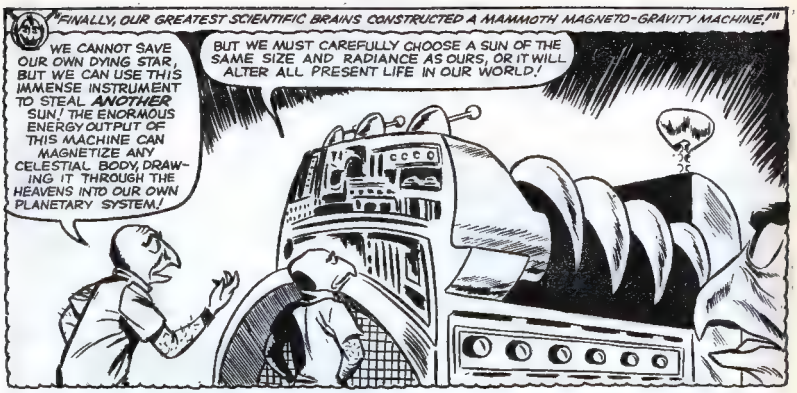

THE ALIEN HAS EMERGED FROM THE SHIP! HE SEES ME!
YOU! WHOEVER YOU ARE--YOU MUST HELP ME! MY CRAFT'S GYRO-STABILIZER IS DAMAGED AND I CANNOT REPAIR IT ALONE! I NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE!

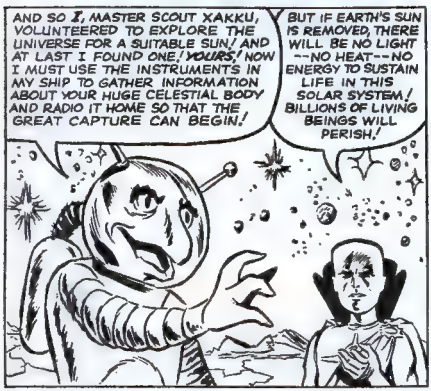
I REGRET THAT I CAN OFFER YOU NO AID, FOR I AM THE WATCHER ... BOUND BY A SACRED OATH NEVER TO INTERFERE WITH THE DESTINY OF OTHER BEINGS!
BUT IF YOU DO NOT ASSIST ME, I WILL BE UNABLE TO RETURN HOME! I WILL BE STRANDED ON THIS BARREN SPHERE FOREVER! YOU CANNOT IGNORE MY PLIGHT! YOU MUST HELP ME!

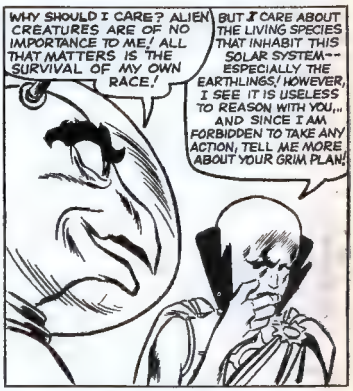
I HELP NO ONE! I AM AN OBSERVER... A MERE SPECTATOR OF COSMIC EVENTS! NOTHING MORE!
SO! THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED TO HEAR! I DECEIVED YOU, WATCHER! MY SHIP IS NOT DAMAGED! I WAS JUST TESTING YOU TO SEE IF YOUR REPUTATION WAS TRUE!

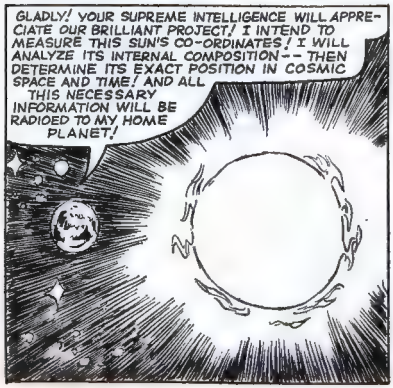
AND NOW THAT I KNOW IT IS, I CAN CARRY OUT MY PLAN, SECURE IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU WILL NOT LIFT A FINGER TO STOP ME!
YOU WERE IMPUDENT TO LIE! BUT I SENSE EVEN GREATER EVIL IN YOUR HEART! WHAT IS THIS PLAN OF WHICH YOU SPEAK?


"HEAR ME WELL! I COME FROM ANOTHER GALAXY! THERE, MY RACE HAS BEEN WARMED AND NOURISHED FOR AGES BY THE ENERGY OF A SUN WHICH IS NOW BURNING OUT!"
AS THE SUN'S RAYS GROW WEAKER, OUR LAND BECOMES COLDER!
SOON IT WILL BE TOO COLD TO SUPPORT ANY LIFE!
DO NOT DESPAIR! OUR SCIENTISTS ARE WORKING DAY AND NIGHT TO SAVE US!


"FINALLY, OUR GREATEST SCIENTIFIC BRAINS CONSTRUCTED A MAMMOTH MAGNETO-GRAVITY MACHINE!"
WE CANNOT SAVE OUR OWN DYING STAR, BUT WE CAN USE THIS IMMENSE INSTRUMENT TO STEAL ANOTHER SUN! THE ENORMOUS ENERGY OUTPUT OF THIS MACHINE CAN MAGNETIZE ANY CELESTIAL BODY, DRAWING IT THROUGH THE HEAVENS INTO OUR OWN PLANETARY SYSTEM!
BUT WE MUST CAREFULLY CHOOSE A SUN OF THE SAME SIZE AND RADIANCE AS OURS, OR IT WILL ALTER ALL PRESENT LIFE IN OUR WORLD!


AND SO I, MASTER SCOUT XAKKU, VOLUNTEERED TO EXPLORE THE UNIVERSE FOR A SUITABLE SUN! AND AT LAST I FOUND ONE! YOURS! NOW I MUST USE THE INSTRUMENTS IN MY SHIP TO GATHER INFORMATION ABOUT YOUR HUGE CELESTIAL BODY AND RADIO IT HOME SO THAT THE GREAT CAPTURE CAN BEGIN!
BUT IF EARTH'S SUN IS REMOVED, THERE WILL BE NO LIGHT --NO HEAT--NO ENERGY TO SUSTAIN LIFE IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM! BILLIONS OF LIVING BEINGS WILL PERISH!

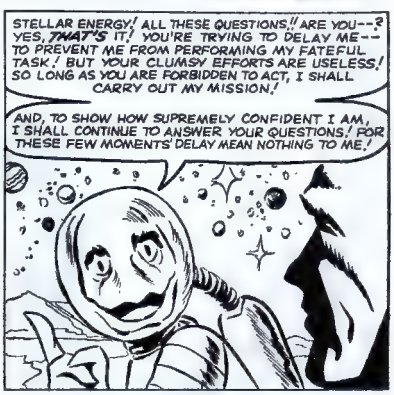

WHY SHOULD I CARE? ALIEN CREATURES ARE OF NO IMPORTANCE TO ME! ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE SURVIVAL OF MY OWN RACE!
BUT I CARE ABOUT THE LIVING SPECIES THAT INHABIT THIS SOLAR SYSTEM-- ESPECIALLY THE EARTHLINGS! HOWEVER, I SEE IT IS USELESS TO REASON WITH YOU... AND SINCE I AM FORBIDDEN TO TAKE ANY ACTION, TELL ME MORE ABOUT YOUR GRIM PLAN!

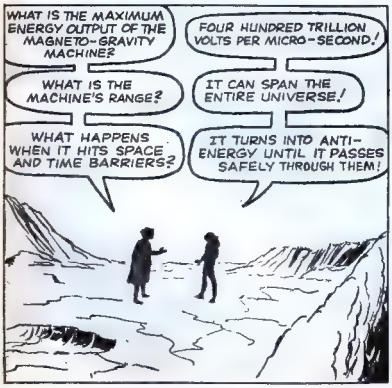

GLADLY! YOUR SUPREME INTELLIGENCE WILL APPRECIATE OUR BRILLIANT PROJECT! I INTEND TO MEASURE THIS SUN'S CO-ORDINATES! I WILL ANALYZE ITS INTERNAL COMPOSITION-- THEN DETERMINE ITS EXACT POSITION IN COSMIC SPACE AND TIME! AND ALL THIS NECESSARY INFORMATION WILL BE RADIOED TO MY HOME PLANET!

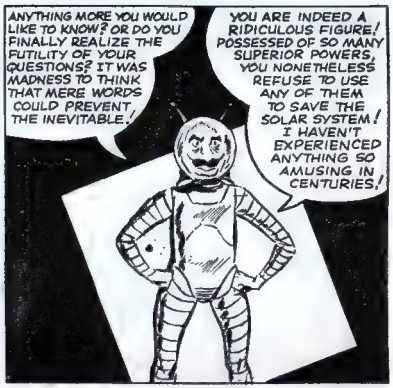
WILL YOU OPERATE YOUR INSTRUMENTS FROM INSIDE THE SPACESHIP?
NO! I SHALL REMOVE THEM AND SET THEM UP AT CO-ORDINATED POINTS ON THE MOONSCAPE WHERE THEY WILL WORK BEST!

AND WHEN THE DATA ON OUR SUN IS COMPLETED AND RELATED TO YOUR AWAITING SCIENTISTS, WHAT WILL THEY DO?
THEY WILL FIRE THE MAGNETO-GRAVITY MACHINE, SENDING ENORMOUS AMOUNTS OF ENERGY ACROSS THE UNIVERSE, HITTING YOUR SUN, MAGNETIZING IT, AND DRAWING IT TO OUR OWN GALAXY AT A HUNDRED TIMES THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

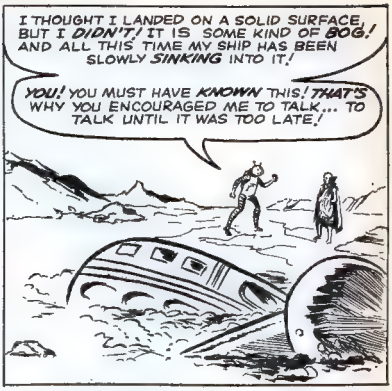
FINALLY, TRAPPED WITHIN OUR PLANETARY SYSTEM, YOUR GREAT CELESTIAL BODY WILL PROVIDE US WITH LIGHT AND HEAT FOR AGES TO COME! BUT ENOUGH TALK! NOW IT IS TIME TO ACT!
NO, WAIT! TELL ME HOW YOUR INSTRUMENTS OPERATE! WHAT IS THEIR SOURCE OF POWER?


STELLAR ENERGY! ALL THESE QUESTIONS!! ARE YOU--? YES, THAT'S IT! YOU'RE TRYING TO DELAY ME--TO PREVENT ME FROM PERFORMING MY FATEFUL TASK! BUT YOUR CLUMSY EFFORTS ARE USELESS! SO LONG AS YOU ARE FORBIDDEN TO ACT, I SHALL CARRY OUT MY MISSION!
AND, TO SHOW HOW SUPREMELY CONFIDENT I AM, I SHALL CONTINUE TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS! FOR THESE FEW MOMENTS' DELAY MEAN NOTHING TO ME!


WHAT IS THE MAXIMUM ENERGY OUTPUT OF THE MAGNETO-GRAVITY MACHINE?
FOUR HUNDRED TRILLION VOLTS PER MICRO-SECOND!
WHAT IS THE MACHINE'S RANGE?
IT CAN SPAN THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE!
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN IT HITS SPACE AND TIME BARRIERS?
IT TURNS INTO ANTI-ENERGY UNTIL IT PASSES SAFELY THROUGH THEM!

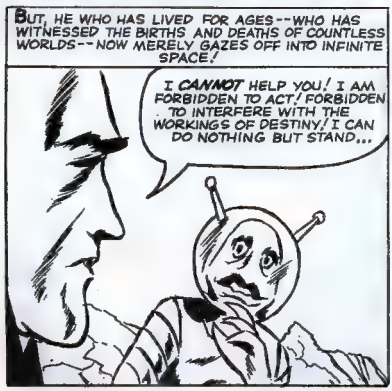

ANYTHING MORE YOU WOULD LIKE TO KNOW? OR DO YOU FINALLY REALIZE THE FUTILITY OF YOUR QUESTIONS? IT WAS MADNESS TO THINK THAT MERE WORDS COULD PREVENT THE INEVITABLE!
YOU ARE INDEED A RIDICULOUS FIGURE! POSSESSED OF SO MANY SUPERIOR POWERS, YOU NONETHELESS REFUSE TO USE ANY OF THEM TO SAVE THE SOLAR SYSTEM! I HAVEN'T EXPERIENCED ANYTHING SO AMUSING IN CENTURIES!

BUT, I MUST FOREGO THIS ENTERTAINMENT! IT IS TIME TO SET UP MY INSTRUMENTS! TOO BAD ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS, THE EARTHLINGS! IN THIS UNIVERSE, IT IS SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST! IT IS--WAIT--WHAT'S HAPPENED?!! OH, NO! NO!! WHAT HAVE I DONE??!!!


I THOUGHT I LANDED ON A SOLID SURFACE, BUT I DIDN'T! IT IS SOME KIND OF BOG! AND ALL THIS TIME MY SHIP HAS BEEN SLOWLY SINKING INTO IT!
YOU! YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN THIS! THAT'S WHY YOU ENCOURAGED ME TO TALK... TO TALK UNTIL IT WAS TOO LATE!

THE SHIP, AND ALL THE INSTRUMENTS INSIDE, INCLUDING MY RADIO, ARE LOST FOREVER! I CAN'T EVEN CONTACT MY OWN GALAXY FOR HELP! I'M STRANDED ON THIS BLEAK, AIRLESS SATELLITE! AND SOON MY OXYGEN WILL BE USED UP! THERE IS MORE IN THE SHIP, BUT I CAN'T REACH IT! I'LL PERISH, UNLESS--

YOU MUST HELP ME!! YOU ALONE HAVE THE POWER TO SAVE ME, OTHERWISE, I'M DOOMED!! DO YOU HEAR ME??! MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS!


BUT, HE WHO HAS LIVED FOR AGES--WHO HAS WITNESSED THE BIRTHS AND DEATHS OF COUNTLESS WORLDS--NOW MERELY GAZES OFF INTO INFINITE SPACE!
I CANNOT HELP YOU! I AM FORBIDDEN TO ACT! FORBIDDEN TO INTERFERE WITH THE WORKINGS OF DESTINY! I CAN DO NOTHING BUT STAND...

...AND WATCH!
Adieu

DON STARR HAS AN...

APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR!

INVESTIGATING HAUNTINGS AT THE HOUSE OF AMERICAN MARTIN FLAXMANN, DON STARR RACES TOWARDS A 'GHOST' AND IS TRAPPED IN A SWAMP. PETER RAWLINGS AND JERMYN FORSTER GO TO HIS RESCUE—ONLY TO SEE A DRIVERLESS CAR COMING STRAIGHT AT THEM...

THERE'S NO ONE AT THE WHEEL!

IT'S GOING TO HIT US!

THE CAR SUDDENLY SWERVES, MISSING THEM BY INCHES...

GOSH, THAT WAS CLOSE! TOO CLOSE!

BUT HOW CAN A CAR DRIVE ITSELF?

AS THE CAR SKIDS TO A STOP THE ANSWER IS FORTHCOMING...

SORRY I NEARLY RAN YOU DOWN! MY NIGHT DRESS GOT STUCK UNDER THE ACCELERATOR AND I WAS TRYING TO FREE IT WHEN I LOOKED UP AND THERE YOU WERE RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME!

BUT WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE WITH THE CAR IN THE FIRST PLACE?

IF MR STARR IS IN THE SWAMP IT WILL NEED A CAR TO PULL HIM OUT! I RAN DOWN THE BACK WAY TO THE GARAGE! NOW LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME TALKING!

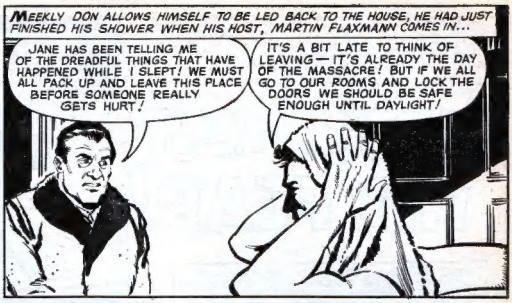
THANK GOODNESS SOMEONE SAW THE FLASH OF MY GUNSHOTS!

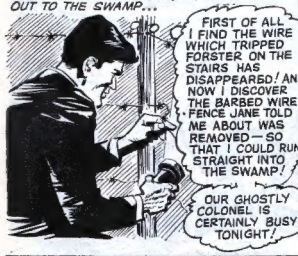
HERE CATCH THIS, STARR, AND TIE IT UNDER YOUR ARMS!

JUST A FEW MORE FEET, STARR, AND YOU'LL BE SAFE!

WHICH IS SOMETHING OUR GHOSTLY FRIEND DID NOT ANTICIPATE! I WAS SUPPOSED TO DIE IN THAT SWAMP!

ONCE AGAIN DON FOUND THOSE WORRIED BLUE EYES GAZING AT HIM...
ARE YOU HURT, DON? OH, IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED YOU TO COME!
FIRST, I AM NOT HURT. SECOND, IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT! THIRD, I'D HAVE COME, ANYWAY — AND FOURTH, YOU'VE JUST SAVED MY LIFE!
AND I'M GOING TO SAVE IT AGAIN! JUST YOU GO AND GET THOSE WET CLOTHES OFF IMMEDIATELY!


MEEKLY DON ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE LED BACK TO THE HOUSE, HE HAD JUST FINISHED HIS SHOWER WHEN HIS HOST, MARTIN FLAXMANN COMES IN...
JANE HAS BEEN TELLING ME OF THE DREADFUL THINGS THAT HAVE HAPPENED WHILE I SLEPT! WE MUST ALL PACK UP AND LEAVE THIS PLACE BEFORE SOMEONE REALLY GETS HURT!
IT'S A BIT LATE TO THINK OF LEAVING — IT'S ALREADY THE DAY OF THE MASSACRE! BUT IF WE ALL GO TO OUR ROOMS AND LOCK THE DOORS WE SHOULD BE SAFE ENOUGH UNTIL DAYLIGHT!

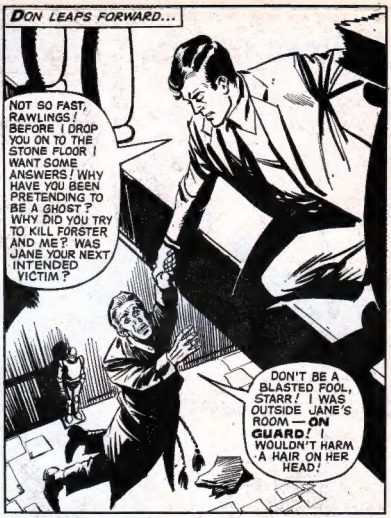

BUT THERE IS NO SLEEP FOR DON. AS SOON AS THE HOUSE IS QUIET HE SLIPS OUT TO THE SWAMP...
FIRST OF ALL I FIND THE WIRE WHICH TRIPPED FORSTER ON THE STAIRS HAS DISAPPEARED! AND NOW I DISCOVER THE BARBED WIRE FENCE JANE TOLD ME ABOUT WAS REMOVED — SO THAT I COULD RUN STRAIGHT INTO THE SWAMP!
OUR GHOSTLY COLONEL IS CERTAINLY BUSY TONIGHT!

DON CREEPS QUIETLY BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND STEALTHILY CLIMBS THE STAIRS. AT THE TOP...
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO BREAK INTO JANE'S ROOM! BUT NOW OUR GHOST IS MAKING LIKE A MONK!

FOR A GHOST YOU GO DOWN WITH A GOOD SOLID BUMP! AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE QUITE A FEW SOLID BUMPS BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED WITH YOU!

I DIDN'T THINK GHOSTS COULD TAKE A PUNCH ON THE JAW! SHOULDN'T YOU DISAPPEAR OR FLY AWAY OR SOMETHING!

RAWLINGS! SO IT WAS YOU WHO WAS TRYING TO HAUNT EVERYONE!
AAAAAH!


DON LEAPS FORWARD...
NOT SO FAST, RAWLINGS! BEFORE I DROP YOU ON TO THE STONE FLOOR I WANT SOME ANSWERS! WHY HAVE YOU BEEN PRETENDING TO BE A GHOST? WHY DID YOU TRY TO KILL FORSTER AND ME? WAS JANE YOUR NEXT INTENDED VICTIM?
DON'T BE A BLASTED FOOL, STARR! I WAS OUTSIDE JANE'S ROOM — ON GUARD! I WOULDN'T HARM A HAIR ON HER HEAD!

THEN WHY WERE YOU DISGUISED AS A MONK?
DISGUISE? THE BLANKET WAS SIMPLY TO KEEP ME WARM! I INTENDED TO STAY ON WATCH ALL NIGHT!

NOT ALTOGETHER CONVINCED, DON GIVES RAWLINGS THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT...
IT COULD JUST BE YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH—OR IT COULD BE I'M SUCKER ENOUGH TO FALL FOR A LIE. BUT ANYWAY...
YOU CAN BELIEVE ME, STARR! I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO PROVE IT!

I'LL TAKE FIRST WATCH OUTSIDE JANE'S ROOM AND YOU CAN RELIEVE ME LATER.
O.K.! I'LL GET SOME SHUT-EYE AND SET THE ALARM FOR THREE O'CLOCK!
YOU MAY BE CONCERNED FOR JANE'S SAFETY—AND MAY BE YOU ONLY WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE! I'LL PRETEND TO GO TO BED, THEN SNEAK BACK!

BUT AS DON TURNS HIS BACK...
THINGS GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT... NEXT WEEK!

A Power House PIN-UP
Mr. FANTASTIC*
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